
**THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.**

MARCH, 1816.

MADAME DE LAVALLETTE.

THE heroic conduct of Madame de Lavallette, in rescuing her husband from the impending execution of his sentence has every where inspired the most lively interest: her exertions on this occasion even endangered her own existence, and were the more meritorious, and the more extraordinary, from the state of her mind, her recent accouchement, and consequent ill health; circumstances every way disadvantageous to the accomplishment of any difficult and dangerous enterprise.

Madame de Lavallette is a niece of the Empress Josephine, sister to the Queen of Bavaria, and by these connexions related to the family of Buonaparte. She married M. de Lavallette, who is the son of a coffee-house keeper at Nancy, enrolled himself in the national guard of that city at the bursting out of the revolution, attained the rank of general at the time of Robespierre, serving as aide-de-camp to Buonaparte in his Italian campaigns, partook of his fortunes in Egypt, and continued to serve under him till the peace of Lunseville, in 1801, when he

was appointed counsellor of state, and director-general of the posts ; which place he occupied till the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814. The lives of amiable women, passed in domestic duties, who are possessed of health, competency, and every earthly comfort, are not sufficiently chequered to afford materials to descant upon ; but this single act gives value to the character of Madame de Lavallette, and will hereafter be quoted as an instance at once honourable to the individual, and to the fair sex. We cannot help exclaiming with Otway—

“ Can there in woman be such glorious faith ?
Sure all ill stories of thy sex are false !
Oh, woman ! lovely woman ! Nature made thee
To temper man : we had been brutes without you :
Angels are painted fair to look like you :
There's in you all that we believe of heav'n ;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !

We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be dazzled by such brilliant examples ; though there can be no doubt that nature has endowed the sex with every amiable quality ; yet, in justice be it said, when, through neglect of education, and the influence of bad example, the passions of women take a wrong bias, their effects have been known to be as opposite and malign. The passions of the fair sex, which generally go to excess upon emergencies, or trying occasions, whether as exhibited in good, by securing the safety of a beloved object,—or in evil, by ruining the welfare of the object of their hatred, or disappointment,—or by venting their spleen in revengeful acts and malicious censure,—are equally, and but too often, indiscriminately excited ;—therefore the morals and education of females cannot be too strictly watched, nor be made a subject of too much consideration by those who have the charge of their youth.

The following are the most authentic details of this interesting event :—

It had been generally believed for some days previous to the time fixed for his execution, that the severity of the law would,

by royal prerogative, be mitigated in favour of M. de Lavallette; but the following circumstance will shew that there was no foundation for such belief. Madame de Lavallette presented herself at the Thuilleries on the Monday preceding, accompanied by the Duc de Ragusa, through whose protection she was introduced into the *Salle des Marechaux*, where she waited the arrival of the king. Immediately on the appearance of his majesty, Madame de Lavallette threw herself at his feet, imploring the royal clemency in favour of her husband. The king replied, "*Je suis bien fâché, Madame, que ma clémence ne puisse pas s'accorder avec mon devoir.*" (I am very sorry, Madam, that my clemency and duty cannot be in unison.) These were the exact and literal words of the king. His majesty expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of the Duc de Ragusa, who, for the purpose of introducing Madame de Lavallette into the *Salle des Marechaux*, forced the *consigne*.

The sentence of the law was expected to have been carried into execution on the 21st of December, 1815; but he made his escape from the prison of the Conciergerie the evening preceding.

Madame de Lavallette's health had been very seriously impaired by all her late sufferings. For several weeks preceding, in order to avoid the movement of her carriage, she had used her sedan-chair: she had been accustomed to be carried in this vehicle into the prison, when it was constantly deposited in the passage of the under turnkey's room; thence passing through a door, the yard and corridor lead to the prisoner's apartment. At four in the afternoon, Madame de Lavallette arrived as usual with a bonnet à la *Françoise* and a large veil, accompanied by her daughter, a young lady eleven years old. She was assisted up stairs, and dined with her husband. About half-past five, M. de Lavallette, arrayed in her clothes, taking his daughter by the arm, and supported by one of the turnkeys, slowly descended to the chair. No uncommon circumstance occurring to excite suspicion, he passed before all the inspectors and guardians of that horrible abode, and, at the unbarring of the last gate, was restored to the fresh air, to his friends, and liberty. In the mean time, Madame de Lavallette, who had

thrown over her the large cloak of her husband, was seated, breathless, in his arm-chair, with a book in her hand, and the candle burning behind her on a table. At half-past six, a gaoler, entering the room, spoke to her; but met with no reply; he repeated the question, and astonished at the continued silence, he approached nearer to the lady, when, with a smile, succeeded by strong convulsions, she exclaimed, "*Il est parti.*" (He is gone.) The Prefect of Police was acquainted with the event at a quarter before seven; estafettes were dispatched in every direction; and the barriers closed. The police traced the chair two streets distant; there, it appears, M. de Lavallette alighted; and stepped into the carriage that was in readiness for him.

This well conducted plan was executed with peculiar felicity; and at the decisive moment; for M. de Lavallette would have been before the following night a headless trunk. Madame de Lavallette was detained a prisoner till February, but is now released. From this time to the 3d of January, 1816, M. de Lavallette was concealed, when a friend addressed a note to Mr. Crauford Bruce, requesting his assistance in saving him. This gentleman communicated the circumstance to his friends, Sir Robert Wilson and Captain Hutchinson, who procured a passport as for an English officer; travelled with him to Mons, introduced him, under the passport they had obtained, to the English military post, procured it to be countersigned, and passed him on. On the 13th these gentlemen were arrested at their hotels, and committed to the prison of the Abbaye; but they have since been liberated on bail.

The following is Mr. Crauford Bruce's statement of the origin and motives by which these three gentlemen were actuated in aiding the escape of M. de Lavallette.—“Mr. Bruce, with whom individually the whole took its rise, had only a slight acquaintance with M. de Lavallette, which resulted from occasionally meeting in society during last winter a very amiable and well-informed man. From the moment of the arrestation, no communication had passed with him directly or indirectly; his wife he neither knew nor ever saw; it was only in common with the rest of the world that he learnt of her heroic conduct,

and, like any one else, believed that the escape was perfected, and Lavallette out of France. In this belief he remained until the morning of the 3d, when his servant brought to his bed-side a French letter, the contents of which were as follows:—‘Your character inspires me with so much confidence, that I am induced to reveal to you a secret which I will communicate to no one else—this secret is, that M. de Lavallette is still in Paris. I commit his life into your hands, as you alone are capable of saving him.’ Mr. Bruce’s astonishment at reading this letter may well be conceived; he sent word that he could give no immediate answer, but indicated the time and place whither one should be sent; the interval was passed, not in political plots and combinations, but in deliberate reflection on the situation of an unfortunate man thrown thus on his mercy and his honour; he had considered him from the first as the victim of an unjust and iniquitous judgement; the wavering of the government had betrayed even their own doubts; the long time that had elapsed from the first sentence and his final condemnation, and the false hopes that had been held out to him by the king and ministers, had tortured his mind by all the dreadful anxieties of hope and fear, and had made him already die a thousand deaths; the conduct of his wife had been heroic, and were it not a pity she should lose the fruits of her noble devotion:—these were considerations to work powerfully on a mind alive to the impulses of humanity, and it is to be hoped few men so situated would have decided otherwise than Mr. Bruce did, when he determined to save him, if he could:—his answer was given to that effect, but was pointed avoidance of connection with any individuals or party whatever, and he desired to be left ignorant both of the writer of the letter and of the place of Lavallette’s concealment. It was not until after this resolution was taken, and the answer given, that a sense of the impossibility of accomplishing, singly, his object, made him look for assistance to the adventurous spirit and generous character of his friend, Sir Robert Wilson, and subsequently, on the same grounds, to Captain Hutchinson. Their plans were laid and perfected with a judgement and promptitude equal to the spirit and feelings in which they arose. Though watched and dogged

by the police in every direction on account of opinions unreservedly expressed against the Bourbon system, they succeeded in baffling their vigilance, and saved a man condemned to death, whose escape from prison had caused a tumult in the country, and roused the fury of the Ultra-Royalists."

THE GOSSIPER, No. XIV.

—Dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

THOMSON.

Of all the seasons of the year, Winter is most calculated to excite reflection and consideration. In a natural point of view, who can fail to remark the day cold and short, the tree leafless, and the sky gloomy? Who does not carry back his imagination to the opening charms of Spring, the full beauty of Summer, and the riches of Autumn? The garden, which had proved a source of pure and rational delight, presents now only a scene of dreariness and decay. It convinces man that the productions of nature, however beautiful and gay, must droop, fade, and be no more.

In a moral point of view, he is insensibly led to compare his own life with the season and the objects that surround him. If young, he will anticipate in thought the time when worldly pleasures and worldly cares will cease to please and interest; and if advanced in years, true wisdom will not fail to administer the noblest motives for manly consolation and rejoicing hope. A good man will reflect that since it is impossible for his declining years to return to their first spring of health and vigor, it is yet in his power to soften the inconveniences he may feel by the cultivation of such virtues and the enjoyment of such pleasures as have a natural tendency to produce an easy and contented mind. Taught to look into himself, he will wisely reflect on the

vanity of setting his heart on external enjoyments. He will feel nothing of that unsocial disposition which the gloom of austerity excites. On the contrary, a pensive tenderness, a serene, but not unpleasing melancholy will be diffused over his soul, inspiring the sweet tranquillity of benevolence, yet awake at the same time to all the active energy of goodness. He will endeavour "to lay up treasure in heaven," and labour only "for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." He will say with the poet

"Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse:
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"

ANECDOTE OF COLUMBUS.

WHEN the great navigator, Columbus, landed first upon the island of Cuba, he and his followers were not only treated as friends, but as beings of a superior order; it was reserved for his avaricious successors to deserve the epithet of monsters. As an instance of their kindness, a venerable old man approached Columbus after he had landed, and presenting him with a basket of fruit, addressed him thus:—"Deign, O stranger, to accept of this gift. You are come into our country, and we are neither able, nor willing, to resist you. Whether you are mortal, like ourselves, we know not; but if you expect to die, remember that in the world to come, the situation of the good and bad shall be widely different. If you believe this truth, you certainly will not hurt those who do not injure you."

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE;

BY H. FINN.

(Continued from page 73.)

I HAD written to my host in Yorkshire, requesting he would remit my remaining effects to London, but receiving the reply at a moment when my ideas were monopolized by the interest of dissipation, its contents were hardly noticed. I now sought and found the letter; it was from the widow of my former landlord, and contained an account of his death, with a proposal for me to continue his profession, as the vessel was at my service. I could not be angry at her proposition, as it was dictated by a friendly wish to serve me, as she termed the offer of a share in her illicit emoluments. To this I opposed a decided refusal, but as I had acquired some intimacy with the coast, I would take the vessel, and commence the business of an honest trader. To that false pride which values itself upon the accidental decrees of destiny, and presumes to designate as beneath notice those who cannot boast a title with their nativity, I had long been an alien, and had taught myself the wholesome creed, that little will avail such distinctions when Providence proclaims an hereafter; that true pride, which concentrates all its worth in goodness, will then be prized, though humble industry shall constitute its claim, whilst the insolence and indolence of birth is lost in the knowledge that their boast will be deemed the common act of nature! Gladly transmitting the borrowed sum to Genevieve, and resolving to see her no more, I prevailed upon Elinor to accompany me for your sake: she was at first reluctant to quit London, where she fancied Glenfield was regretting her loss, but when I related the particulars of our connexion, and the base proposal he had made to menace your existence, she acknowledged her weakness in even thinking of a man so destitute of honour and principle, and acceded to my request, in wishing her to take the charge of your education. We

arrived in safety at the residence of the widow, who received me with all the warmth of former friendship, whilst the tear glistened in her eye as she turned to beg I would be seated. It was the favourite chair of her deceased husband. Her daughter too had married in my absence, and was settled in the neighbouring village, so that my poor hostess was quite deserted: Elinor's presence, however, recalled the smile of welcome, and when good-nature resides in the countenance, friendship will soon make her home in the heart, and unite bosoms born to give and receive pleasure from congeniality: therefore the widow and Elinor had but to know to respect each other. Each day revealed instances of the industry, mildness, and perseverance, with which she sustained the domestic duties of our little household, and I felt that she became more essential to my future happiness. I hoped the influence of time and absence, with the reflection on his conduct, would obliterate all traces of attachment to Glenfield; that my assiduous attentions and respectful affection would favour my suit; and I looked forward to the end of life as to the close of an even, peaceful journey. A month passed on with the accelerated rapidity of genuine happiness, recommended by all the charms of novelty. My commercial scheme had commenced with every reasonable prospect of success, and no shadow of anticipated evil came to darken the revolving hour; no presentiment of the magnitude of misery that with gigantic weight was soon to crush our infant hopes of future felicity. One morning, when induced by supposed security, Elinor permitted you to wander from her care, she was alarmed at your delay in returning. Hour after hour passed in anxious enquiry; every probable place of concealment was searched, every clue to discovery eagerly pursued, but vainly. Evening came, and with it a tempest, the gloomy gathering of which accorded with the sensations of our cottage inmates. The almost frantic Elinor accused herself as your destroyer by her neglect. In her distress, she cast an imploring look towards me, and fixed her glances upon the door: I understood from this that she wished me to continue my efforts to discover you; her agony considered not that the darkness of the night and violence of the wind would effectually

prevent it by sight or sound; but her wishes with me were sacred, and nothing but the utter impossibility could deter me from the endeavor to fulfil them. I quitted the cottage, but without any settled track, and advanced toward the shore. The cottage was romantically situated upon a green bank. The high cliff rose majestically behind: on each side, picturesque trees were planted, while the front opened upon a space which led by a sloping path to a cliff of lesser magnitude, and the tide arose almost to its summit: continuing to proceed in the last-mentioned direction, I heard the signal of distress in the repeated sound of guns, which could be just distinguished from the loud peals of thunder that rolled through the murky sky.

Acquainted perfectly with every object about the scene, I found no difficulty in gaining the edge of the lower cliff, and discerned by the flashes of lightning a vessel labouring to gain the wind upon her lee quarter; a succeeding flash brought her to a situation where I could gain her by swimming; but the name of Elinor passed my lips, and I remained motionless. Another instant brought before my imagination the phantom of my father. His dying words re-echoed in my memory, his example incited, and I dashed among the conflicting billows: my attempt and failure had reduced my strength, and I was returning, when I grasped a cable that had been veered out for the security of the vessel, and succeeded in the dangerous experiment to gain the deck: part of the crew seemed listless and weary, the rest were vociferating without effect, and each appeared to abandon the whole for individual preservation; even the helm was deserted. Equally versed in nautical practice and acquaintance with the coast, I flew to the deserted wheel, and manœvered the ship into deep water, through a channel which separated the numerous rocks, so fatal at a former moment of distress; seizing the speaking trumpet, I issued my orders with the authority of a master, and the seamen perceiving the favourable alteration of circumstances, returned to their duty with increased energy, not without inclination or opportunity to enquire the cause. We soon were standing out to sea, and the captain, whose astonishment at

first kept him silent, and whose respect for my evident ability continued his forbearance, now expressed his gratitude for the preservation of himself and crew, but wished to know by what mysterious means I had entered his vessel: after briefly informing him, and requesting to be put ashore as early as the dawn appeared, I entreated permission to change my dress, and enjoy some rep from my fatigue until the morning; cheerfully assenting he conducted me into his cabin, and I enjoyed that sweet sleep which blesses the bed of bodily exercise. Alas! what emotions were my waking moments to communicate? I strove to rise from the bed, but discovered with horror that my limbs were bound to it by cords, which had been affixed during my too profound slumbers. Indignation added power to my natural strength, and after violent efforts, I succeeded in freeing one of my hands: thus assisted, I soon released myself from the enthrallment of ingratitude, and speedily ascended to the deck; but anticipating from the noise I made in my emancipation that I had effected it, the crew seized me the moment I appeared, and I beheld the motive for my detention and imprisonment in my avowed and cruel enemy, *Glenfield!* They bound me to the mast, whilst the smile of hellish exultation distorted his features, and the demon of malignity sat throned in his delighted eye; but quickly changing his countenance to the form of commiseration, he exclaimed in a voice capable of inspiring a heart that knew him not, and was in the slightest degree susceptible of feeling, with extreme pity. "Poor wretched man, how melancholy your situation, if there be one state of human misery more exquisitely agonizing to contemplate than another, it is the loss of human reason!" then turning to the captain, he continued, "You perceive the necessity of treating thus harshly the victim of insanity before you, and though you may regret the means that are requisite to restrain the effect of madness, from a sense of gratitude, yet we must look upon this as an instance of the power of Providence, to select a dreadful instrument to avert its more dreadful threatenings. His father, my only brother, was dear to me, and the lamentable state of the son demands the tear of pity." Here he affected to weep, and the action, aided by the artful insinuation, seemed to work on the crew as he desired, and as he had claimed a right

by ties of consanguinity to exercise an authority unlimited over me, all tacitly delegated their liberty to interfere, or question the propriety of his exerting that right; on the contrary, the captain assured him, that as the safety of the ship depended (for so Glenfield had intimated) on the rigour and closeness of my confinement, he should allow his men to give every practical assistance to the suggestions of a person who must be so materially interested for my safety. Almost deprived in reality of reason, I execrated Glenfield, and vented upbraidings on the captain, which only served to impress more permanently on my auditors the certainty of my irrationality, which Glenfield plausibly inferred, at the same time intimating the general rule, that insanity directs its most fierce denunciations upon those it once loved most. Alternately softened by the situation of my beloved Elinor, and maddened by the presence of my wily foe, I wept and raved until, reduced by exertion, I became passive and sullen. As I found the folly of resistance to my numerous opponents, I submitted to their wishes, was conducted to the hold and chained. Then reflection, with all its attendant horrors, invaded my harassed brain. Many an ardent prayer for death passed my feverish lips, until my senses sought a relaxation from suffering in the soft balm of hurt minds. On the morning of the third day, subsequent to my arrival, an unexpected visit from Glenfield revived my indignation, and every epithet that strong hatred could suggest, to designate his monstrous villany, was lavishly bestowed. He listened with hypocritical placidity until the ebullitions of my rage had subsided, and laughed with irritating contempt at their impotency. He then deigned to reply. "Insolent and imbecile fool! prudence, methinks, ought to have taught you, ere this, to suppress the fruitfulness of your imagination to select language that will not propitiate my mercy. You had flattered yourself that the ever-waking spirit of my just revenge slumbered in forgetfulness. No: it seemed to sleep, until my plan had reached maturity, and defied the probability of failure. The female Genevieve was my emissary, and expressly placed to acquire and betray your confidence. Weak man; what availed your experience, since it could not guard you from infantile credulity! For nothing less could credit the professions of a girl vicious in

every sense. It is enough that your every movement was known to me, and when I presumed that happiness had in some degree rendered your habitation desirable, I prevailed upon the captain of this vessel, that now is speeding to the shore of India, to anchor near your residence, for what wonders will not the talisman of gold perform; by the same means, I caused the seizure of the *Child*; the projected scheme to secure your person was unavailing, as your own rashness and my good fortune have given to my wishes, without an effort, the ample opportunity to exercise my will." "Then execute it now," I replied; "conscious that the aim and end of all your machinations is to menace and despoil me of existence, why protract the deed? You cannot be more willing to exact, than I to resign the wretched remains of life. The crime of murder must be of no import in your estimation: if your callous heart has been a stranger to compunction, when the commission of renewed crimes so often claimed acquaintance with it, doubtless no nearer friendship will be formed by a single crime, although in other souls contrition makes a home for years, invited by no other cause. Your associates here will sanction the heroic act, perhaps afford their apt assistance: or if you dread participation, be the deed your own; behold me manacled, therefore banish the apprehension of resistance. Alone; no witness to relate the manner of my death; the waves roll fast and deep beside us, and ocean buries every proof. Nay, will not the world believe that self-destruction can sometimes be the act of insanity? Then what delays your ready hand to plant the poignard in my bosom, when every circumstance conspires to conceal all traces of your bloody achievement? when no prevention bars you from your chief desire, but the direful certainty of an *hereafter*? Think not *there* to elude the cries which retributive justice shall shriek out to hasten the chastisement by offended heaven of guilt like thine. The innocent blood of that child shall swell the stream of overwhelming accusation at the great day, and drown thy soul to all eternity!" "Peace!" he exclaimed, "my designs are not upon the life of either."

(*To be continued.*)

MORAL TALES.

THE MISTAKEN ONE.

"Beware, beware of Love." Vide Song.

(Continued from page 79.)

"You see before you," said he, the third time he visited her, "the most wretched knight in all Spain, for I have this morning received a letter that has plunged me into the deepest despair." "Signior Don Alonzo," said the father of Agnes, approaching from the garden, "accept our most grateful thanks for the honour you have done my humble roof; and know that I am duly sensible of the honour I have in entertaining the particular friend of my master, Don Cæsar, of Calatrava, who is my landlord. Agnes knows how to do the duties of my house, for I was always a judge of these things, and poor Beatrice, who has been dead many a long day, did not bring up her daughter idly;"—saying this the obsequious steward bowed and retired. Melchia was perhaps very imprudent to leave a handsome young signior with a girl of so open a disposition as his daughter, but, were not such imprudencies daily committed, the pen of the novellist or essayest would lay idle. To do Melchia, however, justice, he was a very good catholic, but never went out of his way to calculate mischief that might never happen, and was perfectly satisfied when misfortune came to find out a remedy. Besides, how could he imagine that an awful Hidalgo would condescend to make an inferior wretched; had he done this, the information which his daughter had chosen to give him would have quieted all his scruples, and cured the steward of his objections.

"Yes, my little Agnes," resumed Don Alonzo, "I must be miserable, and for ever; but I am like Don Sancho de Lima, I begin at the end of my story; let us sit." Alonzo informed the daughter of Melchia what we have ourselves made our readers

acquainted with. There is, however, one circumstance which it may be necessary to inform them. The obstacles to Alonzo's love had now increased, for he had received a letter from his dear Isabella, which had indeed raised such obstacles to their union as he began to think he should never overcome. Had Isabella's strength of mind been equal to her want of duty, things might easily have been reconciled, and she have become the wife of Don Alonzo, as she wished, in the most romantic way possible; but her heart had suggested to her that, though she might at one time give up much to paternal solicitude, yet she did not see the absolute necessity of losing a lover to please her superior, and that she might very innocently try the constancy of her lover to the utmost, never presuming that we may sometimes 'pull the chord of affection so tight as to snap it asunder. She had therefore informed her admirer that she had been removed from the convent Fiorenzo, and that she had sworn by the virgin to her confessor, not to discover at present the place of her concealment, and hinted, at the same time, she had heard of certain dissipations which it would be highly necessary he should divest himself of before he saw her again. What a field was here opened to the cavalier. He did as every other man would have done in his situation, that is, he cursed the sex, he laid down the wisest possible plans, but as none of these could be acted upon directly, he told and related his sorrows to Agnes, until he found her the most agreeable confidant possible. Day after day was passed in a similar manner, and many of our readers will begin to imagine that two young people thus situated, thus exposed, would make no very violent opposition to the shafts of the little god, who saw two such fit subjects for experiment. In this, however, they are mistaken. Don Alonzo was occupied with the idea alone of possessing Isabella, which Agnes constantly declared must eventually be the case; she even affected to perceive many hints in this frightful letter which she affirmed, as she knew her own sex, she was certain were not intended to convey such terrible words as Alonzo imagined. After such assurances, many a man would have imagined himself perfectly authorized to keep up so apparently innocent an intercourse, or rather, feeling himself insen-

sible to the direct reproach of what might occur, he only obeyed the selfish feeling of losing some part of his chagrin, without, perhaps, caring what became of those who contributed to his relief.

Months passed away in this manner, and thus time insensibly opened a door to many kindnesses; and while he was conferring many a present on his little Agnes, he thought he was only gaining a firmer *friend*; when at length one day this poor child, encouraged by what she conceived some determination of his, in return to the caprices of Isabella, never to see her more, suffered the big secret to burst from her heart; it flew to her lips; and Agnes, returning the pressure of friendship by that of love, stammered out something that flashed conviction in the eyes of Alonzo, that she indeed loved him.

What dreadful whirls of passion! what gusts of enthusiasm we suffer to blow us from the point of common sense, because we do not strive to detain reason at our elbow! Perhaps we never feel more silly than when we are doomed to hear the avowal of an attachment from lips from whom we expect to hear no warmer sentiment than friendship. After such an announcement, Agnes did every thing so imprudent, so uneducated a novice could do; she hung her head, and then fainted. Don Alonzo had no theatrical air ready for his purpose, it would indeed have been of little use had he been so provided, for his spectator's eyes were closed, and they only opened to shield herself from the disgrace of being thus beheld by a domestic; "she was better, and there was no occasion for further trouble."

Don Alonzo de Padua now summoned up all the pride of an Hidalgo, on hearing this disclosure from a peasant's daughter: he cheered her in the most benignant manner possible; but at the same time in so court-like a style, that poor love was thrown at such a distance he seemed to wonder even at his own temerity, often as he had linked unsuitable pairs to his chariot-wheels. The cavalier endeavoured to console the weeping Agnes in the most common place style imaginable, and left her checking what she had not before attempted to stifle, a faintness, with a promise of burying the secret in his bosom for

ever. On the following morning he received the following billet :—

“ Forget for ever, I conjure you, Signior Don Alonzo, the silly confession of a maid who has rightly deserved her fate ; who dared to look out for protection to the lordly oak who had too unconsciously suffered the humble joy to be supported by his presence. Adieu ! Don Alonzo, adieu for ever ! and forget not altogether the crimes and the punishment of the

“ MISTAKEN ONE.”

Whilst it becomes the duty of the moralist to endeavour, by every means in his power, to prevent, by cautionary details, the prevention of error, be it also his task to prevent undue punishment from visiting the afflicted with his maledictions. Isabella had become less fickle, and her union with Alonzo was about to take place ; he therefore forgot the little sun that had warmed him when Isabella's frowns chilled his bosom ; and he even forgot the avowal which, in the innocence of her heart, Agnes had made him. But what had he gained by this ? not even another feather to his cap of vanity, for what was the young and timid heart of a peasant girl in the plume of his conquests which had waved in the smiles of Marquises. Don Alonzo de Padua married Isabella Ruiz ; then sported their joy in dances and in bull-fights ; but the match, though brilliant, was not a happy one ; and the silly fly which had dared to venture from its crasis ere the sun had warmed it to maturity, perished in the cutting blasts of an unfavourable atmosphere ; and has left this memento on the whitened cottage of the once happy Melchia, That all private intercourse of the sexes is at all times dangerous ; but never more so than when love creeps in under the mask of friendship.

J.

LITERARY HOURS, No. XIII.

Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.

HOR.

ON EPIC POETRY.

(Continued from page 75.)

“Le Camonens s'acquerrait une reputation qui dure encore parmi ses compatriotes, qui l'appellent le Virgile Portugais.”

VOLTAIRE.

LOUIS CAMOENS was born of a good family at Lisbon, about the year 1527. He studied in the university of Coimbra, and gave proofs of his genius for poetry while he was very young. However, not being born to fortune, he was obliged to quit books, and have recourse to arms. He was sent to Ceuta in Africa, which the Portuguese were in possession of at that time, and acquitted himself like a good soldier upon many occasions; but at last had the misfortune to lose one of his eyes, in defence of that town against the Moors. From thence he returned to Portugal, but did not yet find himself in a condition to live as he desired; and therefore next went in the expedition to the East Indies. In this absence he composed a great many poems, which gained him the good will and affection of the commanding officer, and some others, who had a tincture of polite literature. Happening, however, unluckily to be severe upon one who did not understand the privilege of poets, he was forced to withdraw, to be out of the reach of his anger. He went then to the frontiers of China, where he found means of being conveyed to Goa, and from thence to Portugal. During this expedition, he wrote great part of his *Lusiad*. The people of Macao are still proud of shewing a cave where he amused himself in writing it.

As soon as he was settled again in his own country, he put the finishing stroke to his poem, and dedicated it, in the year 1569, to Don Sebastian, king of Portugal, in hopes of making his fortune by it. But that prince being then very young, and the courtiers no admirers of poetry, the unfortunate Camoens was entirely disappointed. He did not however travel again in search of farther adventures, but spent the remainder of his life at Lisbon, where, to the eternal reproach of his countrymen, he died miserably poor and disregarded in the year 1579.

The subject of the *Lusiad* is the first discovery of the East Indies by Vasco de Gama; an enterprise splendid in its nature, and extremely interesting to the countrymen of Camoens, as it laid the foundation of their future wealth and consideration in Europe. The poem opens with Vasco and his fleet appearing on the ocean, between the Island Madagascar and the coast of Ethiopia. After various attempts to land on that coast, they are at last hospitably received in the kingdom of Melinda. Vasco, at the desire of the king, gives him an account of Europe, recites a poetical history of Portugal, and relates all the adventures of the voyage, which had preceded the opening of the poem. This recital takes up three Cantos. It is well imagined; contains a great many poetical beauties, and has no defect, except that Vasco makes an unreasonable display of learning to the African prince, in frequent allusions to the Greek and Roman histories. Vasco and his countrymen afterwards set forth to pursue their voyage. The storms and distresses which they encounter; their arrival at Calecut on the Malabar coast; their reception and adventures in that country, and at last their return homewards, fill up the rest of the poem.

The whole work is conducted according to the epic plan. Both the subjects and the incidents are magnificent; and joined with some wildness and irregularity, there appears in the execution much poetical spirit, strong fancy, and bold description. The machinery of the poem is, however, extravagant, not only as it is formed of a singular mixture of christian ideas and Pagan mythology; but it is so conducted, that the Pagan gods appear to be the true deities, and Christ and the blessed virgin to be subordinate agents. Towards the end of the work,

indeed, the author gives us an awkward defence for his whole mythology, making the goddess Thetis inform Vasco, that she and the rest of the heathen deities are no more than names to describe the operations of Providence. Upon the whole, then, it may be asserted that Camoens is a poet, though of an irregular, yet of a bold and a lofty imagination.

The *Lusiad* has been translated into English by Sir Richard Fanshaw, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and recently by Julius William Mickle. The latter has given us a very accurate and elegant version: it was approved by Dr. Johnson, and is greatly and universally esteemed.

ON THE NECESSITY OF BEING CONTENTED
WITH THAT STATION WHICH PROVIDENCE
ORDAINS THAT WE SHOULD FILL.

(Concluded from page 84.)

I HAD lost so much blood from the cut of a sabre, that I soon afterwards fainted; and upon my recovery found myself stretched upon a skin in one of my oppressor's tents. Ample was the time left me for reflection; bitterly did I bewail my passion for travelling; and sincerely did I repent of having misapplied the blessings bestowed upon me by an all gracious and beneficent Providence! Were I to describe the varying scenes I passed through, or the different places I visited, you would think with me, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the Omnipotent resolved to punish my hitherto unconquerable propensity for travelling; for, as soon as I recovered from my wounds, I was sold to the master of a caravansary, but my knowledge of mechanics was entirely useless to the keeper of an inn. By this man I was bequeathed to his youngest daughter, who had married a merchant at Algiers, and through him passed into the hands of almost as many different masters as there are days in the year. At length fate seemed tired of persecution, and I became the property of a man who did honour to human nature:

he resided at Tobolsk,* and was entrusted with the care of several state prisoners. In this situation fortunately my mechanical skill became useful; and my knowledge of turnery afforded amusement for the unhappy captives who had become obnoxious to the directors of the Russian empire, and through the recommendation of my generous master, I was soon received into the service of the august Catharine. Liberty, in the space of twelve months, was the reward of my ingenuity; during which period I had not only written to, but received replies from my uncle; in the first of which I had the misery of learning that the ship which conveyed my property to England had gone to the bottom. By this calamity I was reduced to a state but little superior to that which was my lot when I first quitted England: I had been incessant in my exertions to acquire a *small independence* during the eleven years I resided in India, aware that in old age it would procure me a comfortable support; for this cottage, and the few acres of land belonging to it, I made over to my son before I went abroad.

"Sweet as was the possession of liberty to a man who had been seven years in bondage, and during that period compelled to endure every hardship which that wretched state inspires, still I resolved not to return to my native country till by industry and application I could obtain enough for my support. Providence, in this instance, seemed to favour a rational resolution, for the Empress wishing to have ocular demonstration of my mechanical qualifications, ordered several little articles to be made for her private apartments, and whilst I was fulfilling her orders, graciously condescended to superintend the employment. After conversing almost scientifically upon the work I was engaged in, the great Empress of all Russia, with an affability which astonished me, desired to hear a description of the vicissitudes I had encountered from the moment of my leaving my family and friends, which I gave in terms nearly similar to those which I have just been relating.

"Well," said that august sovereign, in a tone of jocosity and

* The capital of Siberia, where the Russians transport the state prisoners.

kindness, "you certainly saw all those countries which you had been so desirous of beholding; though I readily acknowledge not under the most prepossessing aspect. As I am of opinion," continued her majesty, "that your native cottage would possess greater charms for you than a palace in my dominions, you shall, if you think proper, soon enjoy the sight of it; and as you have said that your desires are moderate, I will immediately give my treasurer orders to pay you two thousand rubles."

"Though the extacy of my delight was too great for utterance, I immediately fell at the feet of the most generous of her sex, who, to avoid being overpowered by these testimonies of gratitude, with the expression of—*Fare you well!* quitted the apartment. Eager to embrace a son who had entered into manhood, for my Edward on that very day had completed his twentieth year, I lost not one moment in making preparations for my voyage, and arrived in my native country without experiencing danger or fear. I was not rich in wealth, it is true, but I was a Nabob in experience, and consoled myself with the idea that the latter would become useful to my son, whom I could not help fearing might, like his ill-fated father, feel a propensity to see the world; that fear, however, was happily unfounded; thanks to his more than father, my excellent uncle; who, from the first dawn of reason had taken pains to inspire his youthful bosom with a fondness for home. In that home, it is true, there was an irresistible attraction," observed the old gentleman, smiling, and directing his eyes towards the young woman, "an attraction which, old as I am, had not the rogue got the start of me, I might have been inclined to contend with him; but we should not have started for the prize upon terms of equality, for he had been brought up with the amiable girl."

"What an interesting interview it must have been between you and your family," said Louisa, whose expressive countenance had undergone every variety of feeling during the preceding narration. "Oh! it was a feast for the soul!" exclaimed the narrator, "and amply repaid me for all I had undergone! In the countenance of my beloved boy, memory, faithful to her trust, traced the features of his angelic mother; less transcendently beautiful and rougher I allow; it was a rude draught,

however, traced by that admirable artist *Nature*, destitute of the refined polish of the original.

"I had not only indulged a fear that my boy should encourage an inclination for travelling, but I apprehended that separation might have weakened, if not destroyed, all those delightful sympathies which ought to subsist between father and son; but in this dread I was likewise most happily mistaken, for I found him every thing the fondest wish could form." Here affection acted so powerfully upon feeling, that the old gentleman's voice became tremulous; and turning my eyes upon the amiable Louisa, I perceived her azure orbs empearled in sympathy's precious drops, and scarcely could I avoid repeating the following beautiful lines from Lord Byron's melodies:—

"I saw thee weep,—the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then methought it did appear
A violet,—dropping dew!"

Desirous of giving a turn to her feelings, (for, alas! her father is a stranger to nature's softer sympathies) I enquired whether the young man was married when the narrator of this interesting story arrived in England. "He waited like a dutiful son for *my approbation*, sir," replied the old gentleman, "though certain he well might be of my sanction; for I am proud to say, that had he travelled through as many countries as his father, he could not have found his wife's equal. She is, I may truly say, the promoter of our cheerfulness, and the source from whence we derive all our comfort. "She is in fact, father," exclaimed the young man, interrupting him, "what partiality induced you to say of me, *every thing that the fondest wish can form!*"

"Oh! Edward,—oh! father, how can you take delight in distressing me!" said the young woman, with a countenance blushing deep as the rosy tints of morn.—"*Distressing you!*" repeated the attached husband, "I would cut off my right-hand sooner!"

"Well," exclaimed Louisa, turning to her companions, "are you not convinced of the truth of my remark? has not happi-

ness taken up her residence under this enviable roof?" "Happiness dwells here certainly, young lady;" said the old gentleman; "but *even here* I should not enjoy it, if I had not learned to bound my desires; for doating as I did upon my lamented Lucy, my happiness at that period was incomplete. The difficulties I underwent, and the hardships I was doomed to suffer, I considered as chastisements for not being satisfied with the lot appointed me by an all-gracious Providence, and to evince my contrition for such apparent ingratitude, I resolved to suffer without repining, and submit without complaint!"

As the shades of evening warned us to retire, we took leave of the party with sentiments of delight and admiration; each acknowledging that in the tale which had been related to us we had learned a useful lesson.

LORENZO; OR, THE ROBBER.

(*Concluded from page 91.*)

IN this manner years flew onwards, and Lorenzo's band daily increased in numbers, while by his directions they greatly extended the circle of their depredations. The most powerful persons trembled at his name, and their dependants frequently fell into his hands, nay it was even supposed that some of them were leagued with him in the hope of securing immense wealth; for Lorenzo never directed his band against the poor, but against the rich only was his revenge cherished. The numerous outrages committed on the town of F—— became at length so insupportable, that the magistrates collected a considerable body of troops, and sent them to scour the forest where Lorenzo and his comrades were known to dwell, with strict orders to exterminate the band. Of this he had gained information: in consequence of which he posted his men in such advantageous situations that he succeeded in destroying nearly all the troops sent against him, without the least loss on his own part.

Delighted with this triumph, he commanded the ears of the slain to be cut off, and placed in a bag, which during the night

was placed by one of his men, before the door of the chief magistrate residing at F—. To the sack was affixed the following label, "A present from Lorenzo, the Robber, to the Magistrates of F—. The ears of eighty of their troops."

The general fury was roused at this fresh insult, while the town presented a scene of general mourning, for there were but few families who had not lost some friend or relative among the number thus unexpectedly killed. Immense rewards were now offered for the head of Lorenzo, living or dead, under the idea that some of his people would betray him, but this hope was vain, for his men loved whilst they feared him, and his commands were executed by them with the most implicit submission. Lorenzo answered this reward by another, promising immense wealth to the person who would bring him the first magistrate, *alive!* This was found pasted against his door, the morning next ensuing that on which he had issued the bill against Lorenzo. In the mean time a party of the banditti, commissioned by their leader, were directed to secure the person of this magistrate, and to bring him safely into his presence. This they tried to execute, leaving a label nailed to his door with the following words written upon it:—"Signor G. sups this evening with Lorenzo, the Robber."

Never was surprise and consternation greater than when their venerable and pious magistrate was missed by the inhabitants of F—, and the following day was appointed for them to consider of the most effectual manner of punishing Lorenzo.

The surprise of Signor G. at finding himself seized, even in the town of F—, was great, and on demanding what was their intentions, the only answer he could gain, was this, "You are to sup with Lorenzo the Robber!"

This reply was terrible to the old man, who expected nothing but death, and he said nothing more during the journey. On arriving at the forest, his eyes were bound round, in order to conceal the manner in which they entered the cavern; but immediately the door was closed without them, the bandage was removed, when, to his great surprise, the signor found himself in a most magnificent place, where silver, gold, and jewels, seemed to be thought nothing of, and every thing was splendid

in the extreme. At a long table, brilliantly lighted up, the robbers were regularly ranged, while a most costly supper graced the board. Lorenzo descended from his seat at the head, and welcomed the signor, requesting him not to be alarmed, as no harm was intended him, desiring him to partake of the supper before him, and promising that he should be safely reconducted to F— in sufficient time for his breakfast. Lorenzo then placed him at his right-hand, and the feast commenced. The utmost decorum was observed by order of Lorenzo, and all appeared to unite in doing honour to their guest; whilst he knew not what to think; as which ever way he turned his eyes, he viewed nothing but princely splendor, and instead of meeting with the ferocious monsters he had expected, he found himself in company with men perfectly acquainted with all the rules of hospitable civility. After a due time had been devoted to the pleasures of the banquet, Lorenzo addressed the signor in the following words:—

“ My enmity to your town, you are well aware of. Had my necessities been relieved, or had I been treated with civility, I should never have been driven by indignant despair to court the charms of revenge. Learn then that my revenge is satiated, and be assured that in future no attempts shall be made on your town. Learn also that it is for your sake alone I make this promise, as you alone shewed pity to me in the time of my distress. Go then, worthy man, and remember when the child of sorrow supplicates your aid, that by relieving him you save him from guilt, perhaps from destruction; whilst by scornfully insulting him you may drive him to desperate despair and to determined revenge. Had your townsmen relieved my distresses, you know what sorrows they would have escaped, and from what horrible guilt they would have saved me; but the die is now cast, and as I have lived hitherto with the faithful men you see before you, so will I die with them, but not here; we are amply provided with wealth, which we have taken from those who could well spare it, and with this we intend to remove into another country, and there to live as a society of brothers. Farewell, then, worthy man, for ever!”

At the conclusion of this address, the signor was conducted

from the cavern as he had entered it, with a bandage over his eyes, which, after he and his conductors had rode some distance, he was desired to remove, which he accordingly did, and to his great pleasure, he viewed the town of F— at a short distance before him. Turning to thank his guides, he found them already at a considerable distance, in consequence of which he pursued his journey to F—, where his unexpected return occasioned general joy, while the account he gave of his having supped with Lorenzo, the Robber, created general astonishment.

Lorenzo, with his troop, left the place, it is supposed, agreeably to his promise, as they were never more heard of; while the citizens of F—, having purchased experience at a dear rate, have never since the time of Lorenzo been known to turn the wretched wanderer away from their doors unrelieved.

ELWINA; OR, THE MISANTHROPIC BEAUTY.

(Continued from page 95.)

IN pursuance of this resolution, he returned Miss Selwyn's advances. They soon came to an explanation, and Dudley, (trusting to Chesterfield's maxim, that "there is no flattery too gross for a woman,) assured Miss Selwyn, "that her superior charms and accomplishments had totally weaned his affections from Elwina, whom he now regarded with perfect indifference."

The infatuated woman believed a declaration that she so much wished to be true, and readily consented to give him her hand, as soon as she should have got rid of Miss Delmington, whose behaviour of late she declared had been intolerable.

This resolution Dudley did not oppose, though he was perfectly sensible that poor Elwina had not given her patroness the smallest reason to complain. She had, indeed, observed with astonishment the change in Miss Selwyn's manner to her, but she entertained no suspicion of the cause of it, till a conversation which she accidentally overheard, between Miss Selwyn and Dudley, convinced her that she was betrayed both in love

and friendship. Unable to command her feelings, she burst abruptly into the apartment, and upbraided Miss Selwyn with her treachery; and that lady, without any ceremony, desired her instantly to quit her house. Elwina did not wait for a repetition of the intimation; she flew to her chamber, hastily packed up a few things, and quitted the house with a heart almost bursting with anguish and indignation.

She engaged an apartment at the house of her milliner, and for a few days she gave herself up to the unrestrained indulgence of her feelings; but her good sense soon taught her, that it was her duty to subdue them. A very few guineas was all she possessed in the world, and before they were expended, it was necessary that she should determine upon some mode of obtaining a subsistence. The situation of governess in a genteel family appeared to her the most eligible way in which she could employ her talents, and after a few struggles with her pride, she wrote an advertisement for such a situation, and sent it to one of the fashionable morning papers. She was informed that it could not appear for some days, and in the interim, she looked over the papers daily, to see if there was any advertisement that would suit her.

One morning she saw a notice to the next of kin of the late Mrs. Honoria Pemberton, of the island of Jamaica, to apply at the office of Mr. Plainway, attorney and solicitor, where they would hear of something to their advantage. Mrs. Pemberton had been distantly related to Miss Delmington's father, and she had heard him say, that that lady had not any other relatives living. The heart of Elwina bounded with the hope of escaping a state of dependance, and she hastened to the office of Mr. Plainway, whom she found at home. He received her with much politeness; and when she had announced her name and business, he congratulated her upon being the next heir to Mrs. Pemberton's large fortune.

This was, indeed, a most pleasing surprise to Elwina. She was now no longer poor and dependant, but affluent even beyond her wishes. She removed to the late Mrs. Pemberton's elegant house in ——— street, and she resolved to try, whether

she could not find in dissipation a cure for the aching void which she felt in her heart.

Her mercenary lover had not yet given his hand to Miss Selwyn, and no sooner did he hear of Elwina's change of fortune, than he bitterly regretted his perfidy. He strove to effect a reconciliation with her, but she treated him with the contempt he merited: yet she could not deny herself the womanish pleasure of publishing his behaviour; it reached the ears of Miss Selwyn, who with a degree of malice, worthy of a demon, resolved to ruin the reputation of the innocent Elwina.

She began by acquainting her most confidential friends, that the reason she had discarded Miss Delmington, was because she had detected her in an intrigue with Captain Dudley. She was very well aware that the persons to whom she communicated this story, under strict injunctions of secrecy, would take care to make it public; it was soon circulated, and as soon believed; and the consequence was, that Elwina found herself shunned and neglected, though it was some time before she knew the reason.

This was indeed a blow for which she was not prepared; and sick of the world, and every thing in it, she resolved to retire to Sydney Castle, (a magnificent old building, which had been Mrs. Pemberton's,) and pass the remainder of her days in solitude.

For a little while, the various accomplishments of which she was mistress, enabled her to struggle with the tedium of her new mode of life; but reading and music soon lost their charms; her embroidery was thrown by in disgust; and drawing, of which she had been very fond, became an absolute bore.

Sir Frederick Harley, (a Baronet of large fortune) resided in the neighbourhood of Miss Delmington. He had heard all that scandal could say, and in spite of all he heard, he believed her innocent; but the manner in which she secluded herself prevented any possibility of an introduction to her. Chance, however, brought one about. Elwina, who was a very good horsewoman, was fond of riding, and one day, when within a short distance of her own house, her horse became restive, Sir Frederick was within a few paces of her at the time, and also

on horseback ; he instantly dismounted, and hastened to her assistance ; but in seizing her horse's bridle, he fell, and was trampled upon, and so much wounded by the animal that he laid senseless upon the ground.

Elwina, who had sprung from her horse the moment he caught the bridle, was terrified when she saw the blood flowing profusely from a wound in Sir Frederic's breast. She had him carried into the castle, and surgical assistance immediately sent for. The wound was pronounced to be dangerous, and the surgeon ordered him not to be moved for some time.

Miss Delmington, indeed, had no thought of having him removed ; for independent of her natural humanity, the service he had rendered her would have made her anxious to afford him every possible comfort and assistance, and Sir Frederic, who was aware that he might not have another opportunity of recommending himself to his lovely neighbour, when he was a little recovered, contrived, by very weighty arguments, to persuade the surgeon that his perfect recovery depended upon his remaining where he was ; but though it was impossible for him to be moved, yet he had sufficient strength to leave his chamber whenever his fair hostess would suffer him to pass an hour in her drawing-room ; and the seclusion in which she had for some time lived, made her taste the charms of rational and elegant conversation with double relish.

But the evil day, though it had been long protracted, came at last. Sir Frederic could no longer remain at Sidney castle, and Elwina positively refused to allow him permission to visit her.

(To be concluded in our next.)

—♦♦♦—
RETALIATION ;
OR, THE TWO NEIGHBOURS ;
A COMEDY ; IN TWO ACTS.
FROM THE FRENCH.

=====
Dramatis Personæ.

M. DUMOULIN, a pensioner.

M. MAIGRET, a bookseller, and neighbour to Dumoulin.

CHARLES, a lover of Julia.

VICTOR, a lover of Clarissa.

MADAME DUMOULIN.

MADAME MAIGRET.

CLARISSA DERNANGE, a young widow, a lodger to M. Dumoulin.

JULIA REMIVAL, *idem*.

JEANNETTE, a servant to M. Dumoulin.

The Scene is in the Parlour of M. Dumoulin. On the right and left are private closets; the doors of which open in front of the audience: their windows, with drawn curtains, are on the sides: in each of them is seen a table laid out, and furnished. At the bottom, the principal door, and two side doors; that to the right of the actor leads to Madame Dumoulin's; that to the left to the young widows'.

SCENE I.

(Jeannette solus, seated, awaking, and looking at the Clock.)

How! half-past seven, and not returned from the ball! Clarissa and Julia, though they have not been more than a week at Paris, are quickly forgetting the habits of their country.—This province is so gloomy; from what I hear so filthy!—The people take pleasure in nothing but piquet, fishing, or walking: still they are sometimes polite enough to offer one an arm.—No more is wanted to —— Oh! that is not the difficulty—I have sometimes heard more than one female tongue prattle in Paris as well as in Bruxelles; and, as an instance of it, the mistress of this house, Madame Dumoulin, who speaks well of no one, but still less so of women.—Since these young ladies lodged at our house, God knows what she has said of them! all these unhandsome insinuations have been made, however, with the aid of Madame Maigret, her very dear neighbour.—In the end, pretending (and that to any one who will listen to her) that she ought not to receive them without caution, that our two widows had only assumed the title;—and were only—were only—*(at a loss for the word.)*

SCENE II.

(*Jeannette, and Clarissa and Julia in dominos, with masks in their hands.*)

Clarissa. Shall we enter first?

Jeannette, (looking about, in an absent manner). Yes, ladies.

Julia. So much the better.

Jeannette (recollecting the word). Ah! What adventurers!—
That's the word—

Clarissa. What do you say?

Jeannette. Nothing; I am recollecting what was said of you yesterday.

Clarissa. We do not forget it; and to night have been contriving certain plots—

Jeannette. Well done! or you would not be women.

Julia. You assure us then that M. Dumoulin is not yet returned?

Jeannette. Every nuptial-feast has its morrow; and as the citizen has the ordering of the feast, he is not likely to be the first to put an end to it.

Julia. And tell us, do you know the reason of his wife's going out all last night?

Jeannette. No.

Clarissa. Whatever it be; our two tender friends will, in a little time, pay dear for their goings out.

Jeannette. What do you intend to do?

Clarissa. Oh! nothing;—it is done.

Jeannette. Good!

Julia. And in the most pleasant manner; but be particularly secret.—

Jeannette. Yes; I assure you.

Julia. In revenging ourselves upon them, we intend at the same time to punish our two unfaithful lovers; to whom, in a little time, we are to be united.

Jeannette. You will at once effect a double purpose. If I can serve you, command me at first.

Clarissa. Hypocritical gentlemen! we will now believe what you tell us.—How! To feign business at Franefort; an im-

portant law-suit, on which your fate depends; to leave us, penetrated with extreme sorrow, and travel clandestinely to Paris, to flutter about at balls, to intrigue, laugh, sing—

Jeannette. In fine, to make their carnival, whilst you, behind all alone—

Julia. These gentlemen feel the influence of Hymen in advance.

Jeannette. That is like the men!—But how did you know that they were in this country?

Julia. By a note received from an excellent friend. We immediately departed, and came to seek, and confound our victims; whom, very fortunately, the opera ball this night delivered to us and our hopes.

Jeannette. Behold then the foxes caught in the snare!

Clarissa. Our masks excite their curiosity and fantastical tastes; and the *agremens* ordinarily displayed by a skillful coquette to render herself more fascinating, seduce them, and they advance towards us.

Jeannette. Ah! what then? tell me quickly.

Clarissa. They endeavour to speak to us;—at first we avoid them to make more sure of them.—

Jeannette. They take the bait—

Julia. They cross us at every turn;—then approach us again—

Jeannette. Good!

Julia. Conversation is entered into—

Clarissa. It is animated—

Julia. They wish to know our names—

Clarissa. We preserve the anonymous—

Julia. A few words suffice to make us adored—

Clarissa. Time glides away;—we must separate;—we cannot resist a sigh of regret;—

Julia. The day breaks;—the hour of departure is heard;—and happiness, alas! disappears with us.

Clarissa. But something may still console them; and, falling at our feet, they ardently press us to disguise our names and address no longer.—

Jeannette. And have you told them?

Clarissa. The address; yes—but our names—

Julia. You cannot guess how we are named.

Jeannette. How you are named! Let me see; Julia and Clarissa;—at least—I think so.

Clarissa. Yes; a fine trick! Learn that in us you see Madame Damoulin—

Julia. And Madame Maigret.

Jeannette. If this be true!—oh! what a trick! what a plot and counter-plot! what double dealing! what scandal will all this raise here. And our citizen, moreover, will be thrown into such anger! He has been so proud of his better-half for forty years that he might sometimes be taken for a new married man: though she is old and ugly, he finds her young and handsome; and imagines that time has produced no change in her.

Clarissa. This man is a phoenix.

Jeannette. He makes reparation for the many thousand husbands who want affection for their wives;—but love like this is not without jealousy;—and if ever that seizes him, it will be with frenzy,—with rage,—and I know not what;—and may perhaps end—(*Indicating by her looks the use of a stick.*)

Julia. Thus, without knowing it, I grant you our four good apostles will punish themselves by being subservient to us for the wrongs they have done us.

Jeannette. But these poor young men! to be inflamed in this manner with nothing but the sight of dominos and masks.

Clarissa. To let them see more would have overthrown our concerted plan. "At ten o'clock to-morrow, gentlemen, you shall see our persons, till then, adieu!" and suddenly in the crowd, escaping from their sight, we both precipitate ourselves towards the door;—a coach comes up; takes us; carries us away; we alight at the hotel; where we gaily come to watch the *denouement* of our exploits at the ball.

Jeannette. At ten o'clock they will come, the *concussion* will be good—(*A bell rings.*) No, sly rogues! Ah! God! there is some one ringing. (*She goes to the window.*)—Quite right; it is the citizen.—Quick; make your escape.

Clarissa. (*going away to Jeannette.*) Remember that we have passed the night with you.

(*Clarissa and Julia exeunt.*)

(*To be continued.*)

ANECDOTES.

ONE day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies, (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron, his friend; and as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden-gate; when, finding resistance vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in that expressive manner for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth,
Like him I go, for angels drove us both:
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
His love went with him, but mine stays behind."

A CERTAIN Vicar, of a facetious turn, walking late one evening, meets his Curate highly elevated with the juice of the grape. "Oh! oh! Mr. Twangum," says the vicar, "from whence come you?" "Why, I dont know, doctor," says he, "I have been *spinning* it out with my neighbour Freeport." "Aye," quoth the doctor, "and now I perceive after your *spinning* it out, you are finishing the work by *reeling* it home."

DURING the first dawns of convalescence, after the suspension of the king's intellectual faculties, he asked Dr. Willis how much he cleared by his Lincolnshire pluralities.—"Eight hundred a year," was the reply. "Then why," added the monarch, "do you who are so rich undertake to cure mad people for hire?" "I imitate Jesus Christ, sire, who went about doing good." "Yes, but," rejoined his majesty, "in the first place, Jesus Christ did his good for nothing; and in the second—he had not eight hundred a year, my friend."

ON FRIENDSHIP.

To lose the friendship and the esteem we had for any one, is, to a feeling heart, the most unpleasing occurrence in life. The ideas that crowd into the mind on such an occasion are innumerable, and not one of them is of the agreeable sort.

To be able sincerely to love any one who surpasses us, it is not enough that he should not know it, it is also necessary that others should be ignorant of it; in one word, we ourselves should alone be sensible of it.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

CAROLINE LISMORE; or, the Errors of Fashion; a Tale; by ALICIA CATHERINE MANT. London, Law and Whitaker, Ave-Maria-lane, 1815.

THE author's object in this work is to represent "to young minds the propriety of regulating their feelings by the principles of the gospel rather than by the uncertain and ever varying criterion of public opinion."

This laudable object has been accomplished in a most creditable manner. The characters delineated are, for the most part, unexceptionable; and the vicissitudes they undergo, as these affect their own families, particular individuals, or their intercourse with society, draw forth their best energies, and expose their latent virtues to the improvement of the subject of the memoirs; who, to all the ill consequences of bad example, excessive indulgence, and neglected education, added the pernicious influence of fashionable follies!

The events of the story are probable, well-conceived, and interesting; the language is pure, the sentiments moral, and the characters imitable. Not only those for whom it is intended may profit by reading it, but those of riper years. It deserves, and will, no doubt, meet with patronage from the public. The author's former publication, *Ellen*, was well received; and this will increase her reputation.

INSTRUCTIVE AMUSEMENT for YOUNG MINDS; in *Original Poetry*; by MISS HORWOOD. London, Dean and Munday, 1815.

THESE poems are written, as all works designed for youth should be, with strict attention to morality: humanity is inculcated throughout; and many acts of cruelty, thoughtlessly, and sometimes wantonly, committed on the animal creation, discouraged, and guarded against, in a pleasing and seductive style. We strongly recommend this little work to parents and those who have the care of youth, whose duty it is to instil virtuous principles into their minds, and teach them to feel for inferior creatures.

MEMOIRS and CONFESSIONS of CAPTAIN ASHE, *Author of "The Spirit of the Book," &c. written by himself*, 3 vols. London, H. Colburn.

THESE memoirs derive an interest from the author's having been a public writer, patronized by distinguished personages, and some of the first characters of the age; to two of whom, the Duke of Northumberland and Lord Byron, he dedicates his work, and acknowledges his obligations.

There is an air of candour throughout that leaves no reason to doubt the veracity of the author, whose life has been chequered by a greater variety of events than, perhaps, ever occurred to any one individual, and those of the most romantic and astonishing kind; the vicissitudes so incessant and fluctuating; sometimes elevating their object to the highest pinnacle of grandeur, and at others depressing him to the most abject condition: his depravity, or heedlessness, which often produce similar effects, was sometimes the cause of precipitating him from the most promising situations in life to the loathsome confines of a dungeon, and of nearly ending his existence prematurely: this was, in one instance, averted by mere good fortune, and in another by his own talents. Indeed, nothing but the most consummate acquirements, industry, and genius, could so frequently have raised an individual so often depressed by his own misconduct, dissipation, and depravity. The reader cannot help feeling for his disasters, though they call forth his energies, and display his resources, his courage, and intrepidity,

to the greater advantage. The work is one of the most interesting kind. The writer is a repentant sinner, and boldly dares to avow his transgressions, while his remarks upon them serve as a beacon to deter others from foundering upon the same shoals and quicksands; and form together matter for the most serious reflection. We entirely subscribe to this passage—

“There is a manliness of character in a public writer which operates on the mind much in the same manner that courage in the individual affects us: when not engaged in the support of avowed villany, it commands respect and regard, and shades many imperfections, that, without its aid, would prove too sufficiently glaring.”

The life of Mr. Ashe was commenced inauspiciously. As he grew up, he was neglected by his father, who, on his return from school, soon made “his home a hell, and his existence a curse;” whose invariable maxim was never to forgive; “*Inimicitie eternæ*,” and who, on one occasion, inflicted on his son so severe a chastisement that his life was despaired of; and thereby excited such a spirit of resistance, that an eternal separation was agreed upon. These acts, and an opposition to the choice of his pursuits, were likely to have an ill effect upon the mind of so spirited a youth; and the consequences, as might have been foreseen, were a dissolute, unsettled, and unprincipled course of life, driving the object of it into every kind of excess, and often into acts of criminality; for we attribute even the obduracy and selfishness he discovered upon these occasions to the disposition created by resistance to the cruelty, tyranny, and oppression, of his father. We lay the greater stress upon this part of his life, because we think that a more important lesson of usefulness is not to be drawn from it, that parents may profit by this example in their conduct to their children, who may not all be gifted with the genius and abilities of an Ashe to extricate themselves from the difficulties they may bring upon themselves; since, though Mr. Ashe has not thought fit to dwell upon these facts, but “to cast the veil of oblivion over the grave” of his father, yet justice to himself and to the public demand that the misconduct of the parent should be brought forward in extenuation of the son’s errors.

The vices and follies of mankind, when carried to extremes, are, in most instances, to be traced to the neglect, ill-treatment, or mismanagement of their parents.

The author's first offence was of a flagrant nature; the seduction of his employer's daughter, a fault which he intended to repair, but which for some reason unassigned, he procrastinated till it was too late. Much as we deplore the injury society may sustain by the thoughtless conduct of young men, and much as we would screen the sex from undeserved reproach; yet we must confess, it is much to be feared, that the infidelity and inconstancy of some of the fair sex have sometimes brought on the ruin of which themselves and friends complain, and not instability in the affections of their lovers! We know it is possible, and not improbable, that such cases have, and may occur; and cannot help conceiving the situation of a man who meant well, after having over-stepped the bounds of discretion, finding himself enveigled by an intriguing woman, whose exterior of virtue was a mere artifice to cover her designs of trespassing; while he who passes for a seducer, who has unfortunately fallen within her snare, would gladly have taken her to his arms, and have restored her to society, but from a conviction of her infidelity and baseness,—carrying on a correspondence with one man, or even marrying him, as a cloak to her vice, and her intrigues with others. There is not, we should think, any virtuous character that would give encouragement to such of the sex; but certain it is, that some are specious enough to obtain credit for what they do not deserve!

Mr. Ashe's talents as an author are too well known to need comment; and were they not, this work is sufficient to recommend him to notice: it shews extensive erudition, deep research, and an intimate knowledge of mankind: the writing is like a rapid and clear stream; every thing is reflected in it as in a mirror; it is full, copious, flowing, and energetic.

We could have wished to have given some extracts; and to have adverted to his conduct towards the Prince and Princess of Wales; in which he makes a disclosure not very creditable to the allegiance some of the parties owe to their Prince; but are prevented by our limits, and may perhaps hereafter give it in a detached form.

REVIEW OF NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

1. *A Companion to the ROYAL PATENT CHIROP-
PLAST, or, HAND DIRECTOR, by the Inventor, J. B.
LOGIER, pp. 43, p. 8s. Clementi and Co.*

As the account we gave of the *Chiroplast*, or *Hand Director*, in our Museum for January, was, we trust, sufficiently explanatory of its construction, we shall now proceed to observe on its application.

When the apparatus is properly fixed on the instrument, the first object is to teach the pupil, by means of the Gamut-board, the names of the notes, both in the treble and the bass, with their relative situations on the keys; by this means, both the notes and the keys to which they belong, will be learned at the same time. As soon as this is accomplished, the Finger Guides claim the most particular attention. They (as before described) consist of two moveable brass plates with five divisions, through which the thumb and four fingers are introduced. These divisions correspond perpendicularly with the keys of the instrument, and may be moved to any situation by means of the brass rod, on which they are made to slide. It is necessary to observe, that with these guides, lessons only with a fixed position of fingering can be performed, that is, they must consist of no more than five notes in succession, so that each may always be struck with the same finger and thumb.

In the work before us, Mr. Logier has given a series of very appropriate lessons, in various keys, beginning with the original key of C, major; seventeen of which are composed of five successive notes, or a fixed position of fingering. In the key of C, major, he places the thumb division of the treble guide
^{1 2 3 4.}
 over B, consequently the fingering will be fixed thus, C, D, E, F. In the key of G, major, he moves the guide two notes higher so that the thumb may be over D, instead of B, as in the pre-
^{1 2 3 4}
 ceding key, the fingers will then be fixed thus, E, F, G, A. Again, in the key of D, major, he moves the guide three notes
^{1 2 3 4}
 over to A, the fingers will then be fixed thus, B, C, D, E.

The Bass Guide is to be varied in a similar way, according to the position. After proceeding with these lessons of fixed positions, until the pupil becomes tolerably proficient, Mr. L. then removes the Finger Guide of the left hand, (which is done by loosening the screw and turning it up) and alters the Bass of his lesson so as to require a slight change of position in the hand. He next moves away the right-hand Finger Guide, and replaces the left; the subject of the Treble is now so varied as to require a change of position of the right hand.

After practising some time with these alternate changes, Mr. L. advises both Guides, for awhile, to be laid aside, and to proceed with the lessons, whose subjects are varied both in Treble and Bass.

There can be no doubt, as Mr. L. justly observes, that a series of lessons composed on the same subject, varied each time by alternate changes in the Bass and Treble, will tend to create a fancy in the pupil, however young, raising a desire for composing (at least in the style of variations) which otherwise might for ever lie dormant; and whilst they are intended merely to improve the hand, may also unconsciously improve the head.

After giving this invention of a hand-director the most mature consideration, we are so thoroughly convinced of its utility in facilitating the improvement of musical practitioners, as entirely to coincide with the inventor in his opinion, that, by an early and frequent use of this apparatus, it is evident that the learner must become habituated to a proper position of the body, and a graceful movement of the arms; and the fingers must acquire an independent motion and equality of power rarely accomplished by other means.

We have been thus diffuse in this article, as conceiving its utility to deserve particular attention; and we cannot conclude without farther observing, that the progressive lessons are composed with much taste, and are as calculated to please as to instruct; they are preceded by appropriate preludes—and the whole concludes with exercises through all the Major and Minor keys, ascending and descending by contrary motion.

2. *Sequel to the CHIROPPLAST COMPANION, being a Succession of progressive Lessons, grounded upon the Harmonies of the early easy Lessons in that Work, so as to be played with them in Concert, composed by J. B. LOGIER, pp. 30. p. 6s. CLEMENTI and Co.*

As the "COMPANION" contained the ground-work of Mr. Logier's method of instruction with single lessons, adapted to the progressive improvement of Pupils, the present work, it must be particularly remarked, contains a series of lessons composed expressly on those original subjects, contrived so as to be played either alone as distinct lessons in their own particular style, or in full concert with the others, being grounded on the same succession of harmonies; the variations embracing every description of passage.—At Mr. L.'s Musical Academy in Dublin, he makes use, in one room, of four square Piano Fortes, two Grand Do., two Harpsichords, and a small Organ, (the latter supporting the harmony by sustaining the chords) and has frequently more than one Pupil playing at the same time upon each instrument. By playing together the different lessons which are separately adapted to the different capacities of the several performers, a complete band is formed capable of great effect by alternate Solos, Duets, &c.

In order to give our musical readers as clear a knowledge as we possibly can of Mr. L.'s method, we have, in our music-sheet, extracted two of his lessons (Nos. 2 and 3) from the sequel, in which his mode of playing in concert may be more readily understood. It must be observed, the upper stave of these two lessons is the subject or melody of the easy lessons, (Nos. 2, 3, and 4, in the *Companion*) and the two lower staves; those of No. 2, the same harmonized and intended to be played on the Organ, during the performance of the melody on the other instruments. In No. 3, the two lower staves contain the harmony of the chords sprinkled; and in the style of variation, embracing every description of passage, Mr. L. proceeds with the other lessons, always retaining the Melody on the upper stave.

We shall now take leave of these ingenious lessons, as well

Two of Mr Logier's Progressive Lessons

(See the M

Subject or Melody. (A first position of fingering.)

The first exercise consists of two systems of musical notation. The top system shows a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in C major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom system shows the same melody harmonized in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The bass line is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The text "The same Harmonized ✱" is written above the bass line.

✱ And, if performed on an Organ, will give the Pupil a just notion of t

Subject or Melody. (A first position of fingering.)

The second exercise consists of two systems of musical notation. The top system shows a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in C major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom system shows the same melody harmonized in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The bass line is marked with a piano (p) dynamic. The text "The Harmony of the Chords sprinkled." is written above the bass line.

The third exercise consists of two systems of musical notation. The top system shows a single melodic line on a treble clef staff in C major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom system shows the same melody harmonized in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The bass line is marked with a piano (p) dynamic.

(Engraved by W.Till

from his "Sequel to the Chiroplast Companion"

Musical Review.)

Nº 2.



the continuation of sound.

Nº 3.



ley 9 Hyde St. Blooms.)

as the very ingenious instrument, the *Chiroplast* (for which they have been expressly composed) with our sincere wishes that Mr. L. the inventor, may reap from the patronage of a discerning public, and the musical world in particular, an ample recompence for his meritorious labours in his vocation.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS
FOR MARCH.

BOTH houses of parliament met on the 1st of February. The Prince Regent's Speech, read, as usual, by the Lord Chancellor, announced the restoration of peace throughout Europe, and that "*the manufactures, commerce, and revenue, of the United Kingdom are in a flourishing condition,*" &c. laments the heavy pressure upon the country which such exertions as those made last year could not fail to produce; but gives an assurance that such measures of economy as may be found consistent with the security of the country will be concurred in. It further informs, that the negociations for a commercial arrangement between this country and the United States of America have been brought to a satisfactory issue. And that the hostilities in which we have been involved in the island of Ceylon, and on the continent of India, have been attended with decisive success. The operations in India have led to an armistice, which gives reason to hope that a peace may have been concluded on terms advantageous to our interests in that part of the world. In the House of Peers, the Marquis of Huntly moved the usual complimentary address to the Prince Regent's speech. Lord Grenville concurred in the Address. The Marquis of Lansdown trusted that the distresses of the country would speedily be investigated, and paper currency done away with. The speech was by both sides considered to have been framed with care and moderation, and the Address was carried *nem. con.* In the House of Commons, an amendment to the Address, moved by Sir T. Acland, was proposed by Mr. Brand, but negatived by 90 to 23.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to certain ques-

tions respecting the Income Tax, said, that he intended to lay before the house a proposition to renew the Property Tax at 5 per Cent. and to limit its duration to two or three years.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

A matrimonial arrangement is at length announced to have actually taken place in behalf of the presumptive heiress of the British throne on the one part, and a Prince of the house of Saxe-Cobourg on the other. He is the third son of the reigning Duke, and is the same prince who drew considerable attention in London about a year and a half ago, by the grace of his person and the dignity of his address. His highness is in other respects a very excellent and worthy man. He is a captain in the Austrian service, and about twenty-six years of age. The revenues of the third son of the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg cannot, it is imagined, be very considerable.

Since the arrest of Sir Robert Wilson and his friends, the French court have shewn extraordinary jealousy of the English residents in Paris: this temper was never wholly extinguished, but has now been violently inflamed. On this account many Englishmen are preparing to quit that city. Lord Kinnaird received a notification from the prefect of police that his majesty required him to quit France without delay. Sir Charles Stuart could not officially interpose; and his lordship quitted Paris on the 5th instant.

A complete change is said to have taken place in the councils of Ferdinand. All the old ministers, holding the chief posts under the crown, have been, without exception, repudiated; and in the meanwhile commotions have arisen in the northern provinces of Spain, from Galicia to the western frontiers of Biscay, but to what extent is not yet known.

Lavalette has been heard of on an ultimate destination, as is believed, to Turkey. He had certainly passed through Mannheim and Heidelberg towards Bavaria; but it was not believed that he would be permitted to stay long in that kingdom.

A regulation for the union of his royal highness the Duke of Berry with a Princess related in no very distant degree to the house of France has been concluded.

In the House of Commons, Monday, February 12, a new Income Tax was proposed, a peace Income Tax, to the amount of half the war Income Tax, five per cent.

The Prince Regent is still confined to his apartment with a severe fit of the gout.

The private letters from Paris clear Sir Robert Wilson from all suspicion of being the fabricator of M. Pozzo di Borgo's Report, and state that the petition of the three English prisoners to be liberated on bail has been rejected by one court, but is likely to be allowed by another, the Cour Royale.

Among the costly presents which are taken out for the Emperor of China by Lord Amherst, is a glass in frame, the plate of which admeasures sixteen feet by ten: it is the largest ever cast in this country, and its value is 12,000*l*. Two carvers and gilders will proceed with it to repair any injury which it may receive in going out. Some superior cloth, valued at 5*l*. per yard, also forms part of the present; the whole is estimated at 80,000*l*.

Private correspondence from Paris states that the orders relative to the non-introduction of the English papers, is executed with more rigour than ever. The measure, it appears, was resolved upon in a council of ministers.

Mr. Vansittart gave an unusual but most acceptable explanation to the proprietors of the public funds, on Friday night, the 16th instant, which was the reduction of the interest on Exchequer Bills from 3½*d*. to 3¼*d*. a saving to the public of 200,000*l*. a year. Exchequer Bills are in future to be made payable to order, and to be transferred by indorsation, instead of being transferable merely by delivery, as at present.

The reports of an extensive enterprize, to be undertaken by Russia, (we imagine against the Turkish empire) receive some countenance from a prodigious contract now in progress of execution in Yorkshire, for the clothing of Russian troops; for which purpose 750,000 complete sets of regimentals have been ordered to the value of about 1,500,000*l*.

Our three countrymen, by the latest Paris intelligence, are to be kept three months in prison before their trial.

Mr. Brougham, in the House of Commons, February 15th,

moved an Address, stating that the alliance now subsisting between this country and Spain afforded a favourable opportunity for employing the weight and influence of the government, supported by the opinion of the House of Commons, in behalf of the Spanish patriots, which was negatived by a majority of 81.

Petitions are preparing in almost every county and town against the Income Tax.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A New Way to pay Old Debts. This is one of the happiest revivals for Mr. Kean that has yet been made; Sir Giles Overreach is so congenial to his powers, that we do not hesitate in avowing it to be the best character in which he has yet appeared, or perhaps ever can. The savage pleasure with which he surveyed his daughter at her approaching marriage, and his last scene, struck the whole house with astonishment. Mr. Harley's Wellborn was as correct as we could expect, considering it was so much out of his line. Mr. Munden's Marrall was excellent. Allworthy is not a character of much importance, but Mr. S. Penley made the most of it. We wish Mr. Oxberry had made rather less of his Justice Greedy, it would have been quite as entertaining, and much more in character. Mrs. Horn was sweetly interesting in Margaret: the becoming manner in which this lady uniformly dresses, and the modesty of her demeanour, will always insure the approbation of a discerning audience. Mrs. Glover was very happy in Lady Allworthy.

Love for Love. If we could find any trace of morality in this comedy, we should not be averse to its revival; but Congreve's pen was uniformly so gay, and so licentious, that all the efforts of the pruning knife can never make them fit for representation. They are excellent in the closet, but disgusting on the stage. Mrs. Mardyn has so often appeared in similar characters to Miss Prue, that we could discover no new traits in her perform-

ance. Miss Hoyden and Miss Peggy are so nearly allied to Miss Prue, that with the exception of her being by far the most vulgar, we might imagine them to be the same persons: her scene with Ben was by far the best part of her performance. Angelica lost none of her charms by Mrs. Davison. Mr. Rae's Valentine was very skilfully delineated; he always appeared the gentleman. Mr. Harley's flippancy in Tattle was very amusing. Mr. Dowton and Mr. Munden's Sampson Legend and Foresight are too well known to need comment. But Mr. Bartley, Mr. Holland, and Mr. Barnard as Ben, Scandal, and Jeremy, claim very little merit.

Accusation; or, the Family of Anglade. Plot—Valmore, the rejected rival of D'Anglade, still cherishing a guilty love, but living under the mask of friendship, conceiving an opportunity which offers as favourable to his wishes, avows his passion to Madame D'Anglade, which meets with its merited repulse. At a fête given by D'Anglade, a stranger enters, and claims title to the estates enjoyed by D'Anglade on the supposition of his death, and demands their restitution, with rents and interest, within three days; the request is acceded to; but as the sacrifice of his own property will scarcely fulfil so hasty a demand, his wife offers her jewels, to prevent the total destruction of his property. Valmore proffers his aunt's assistance, but aware of his intentions, which are to lessen D'Anglade's affection, she refuses his offer. Finding all attempts fruitless, he at length, at the instigation of Hubert, an infernal valet, determines on the destruction of D'Anglade: accordingly Hubert robs Valmore's aunt, and dispatches an accomplice, disguised as a jeweller, with the stolen property, to purchase the jewels. The notes are thus traced to D'Anglade, who states his having received them for some jewels, but the discovery of the other property, which had been left on the sofa, and the arrival of the real jeweller, who denies having bought any jewels, are such proofs against him, that he is dragged to prison, in spite of his wife's entreaties and Leon's, the aforementioned stranger; whose motives were only to try D'Anglade's honesty. Valmore now becomes strongly suspected of being accessory to the plot; and he accordingly orders Hubert to prepare for their departure: but their accom-

plice, the false jeweller, being discovered with some of the notes, a confession takes place, when D'Anglade is liberated, and Valmore, dreading justice, discharges a pistol at his head.

This is an outline of the incidents upon which this play is founded. It is a translation from the French, who are very happy in raising our sympathy with rather slender materials; but the piece is too long, and the language is generally too simple. If it had been brought out in two acts, it would no doubt have become popular; but as it is, we doubt much whether we shall ever see it again. We deplore the loss of the scenery more than the piece, which was the most delightful we ever beheld.

Rosina. This pleasing little Opera of Mrs. Brookes has been revived for the appearance of the Miss Holfords, in Rosina and Phoebe; these young ladies received considerable applause last season at Vauxhall. There is nothing peculiar in their voices, beyond a pleasing melody; there is not the execution of a Dickens or a Stephens; but there is a plaintive sweetness which cannot fail to please. Mr. T. Cooke, in Belville, was not quite so happy as we have seen him. Miss Kelly's William was a lively performance; we never saw it in better hands.

Mail Coach Passengers, a new Farce, was performed for the first and the last time: some few parts deserved a better fate; but the characters were in general old and insipid. The performers did all they could for it, but the disapprobation was so general that it was withdrawn.

Poor Soldier. The Miss Holfords again appeared, as Norah and Kathleen; their singing is much in the same style as in Rosina, very pleasing: they were much applauded. Mr. Cooke and Mr. Pyne, as Patrick and Darby, sung with much taste.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. This play, in the revival of which both Coleman and Garrick failed, has at length found itself permanently fixed on the stage. Whether this change is to be ascribed to the public mind, to the present managers, or the pre-eminence of the actors, we cannot decide; our opinion

is, that the allusion arising from the splendid manner in which it is now produced, has caused its present success. The performers acquitted themselves with great credit; the Puck of Miss Booth was the most aërial performance we ever witnessed. Miss Stephens was deservedly encored in a Bravura, which she executed in uncommon style. Mr. Sinclair and Mr. Duruset sung with their usual sweetness. Mr. Liston's ass's head created considerable applause. The music is the grandest combination we ever heard; and the scenery and decorations surpassed all former efforts.

Messiah. This being King Charles's martyrdom, an Oratorio was, as usual, performed, when Handel's *chef d'œuvre*, the Messiah, was selected for the occasion. Mr. T. Cooke, Mr. C. Smith, Madame Marconi, Mrs. Childe, and Miss Stephens, were the principals; but neither Mr. Cooke nor Mr. Smith could compensate for the loss of Mr. Braham. Master Williams sung with much sweetness.

The Portfolio; or, The Anglade Family. Mr. Kenney did right in bringing this out in two acts, by which means the incidents follow more rapidly, and the audience is not wearied with a languid dialogue. We have reserved our remarks on the performances at Drury-Lane, that we might here give them comparatively. Mr. Rae and Mr. C. Kemble's d'Anglade were each excellent; though each had a different idea of the character: the former was more impassioned, the latter was more cool and resigned to his fortunes. The Valmore of Mr. Wallack and Mr. Abbot were equal. We wish we could say the same of Mr. Terry and Mr. Bartley's Leon; the blunt honesty of the former, and the coarse honesty of the latter, was a striking contrast. Mr. S. Penley made as much of Hubert as the part would admit; but it was wrong to put Mr. Matthews in it, he appeared to be lost. The round features and manners of Mr. Tokely will not bear comparison with the figure and chaste simplicity of Mr. Knight. The Madame D'Anglade of Miss Kelly was, if possible, more effective than usual; Mrs. Faucit's was an interesting performance. Mrs. Glover is certainly preferable to Mrs. Egerton, but each possessed considerable merit.

Measure for Measure. This play, which has been lost since
VOL. III.—S. I.

Mrs. Siddons's departure, has been revived for Miss O'Neil: the general character of Isabella, her chastity and sisterly love, is finely adapted to the talents of this lady. The scene with Claudio, and her detestation of his entreaties to yield to Angelo's wishes, the information of her brother's death, and the rushing into his arms at the close, were inimitable, and drew forth reiterated plaudits. Mr. Young's Duke, though excellent, was too formal; it was void of that dignity with which Mr. Kemble graced it. Mr. Terry's Angelo was complete! and we conceive we cannot pay him a greater compliment. Claudio is not a character which requires any extraordinary powers, but Mr. C. Kemble made the most of it. Mr. Jones's Lucio was a lively performance, but he reminded us too much of a modern fop. Mr. Liston was, as usual, himself, and in saying this we cannot give him greater praise; his Pompey the Clown had but little to say, but he found enough to do: the play was altogether well performed.

Harlequin's Olio. This is a confused jumble of nonsense, which only serves to reflect disgrace upon the managers. If our theatres, with excellent companies, cannot fill without resorting to this mean and shameful method, they had better close and sacrifice their gain than their reputation. Once a year we overlook such holiday trash; but when they encroach on this precedent, by a farrago of stupidity, selected from five old Pantomimes, it becomes every friend of the drama to enter his caveat against such a violation of its laws. We have already exceeded our limits, but if we had not, we should scorn to enter into the particulars of such a disgraceful production; we might perhaps say more against it, but as it is, we only hope that it will soon meet the death which it deserves.

NOTICE OF NEW WORKS.

A WORK of very considerable interest is preparing for publication, entitled, NARRATIVE OF A TEN YEARS' RESIDENCE AT THE COURT OF TRIPOLI; from the Original Correspondence, in the possession of the family of the late Richard Tully, Esq. the British Consul; comprising, Authentic Memoirs, and Aneodotes

of the reigning Bashaw, his Family, and various Persons of Distinction, an authentic Account of the Domestic Manners of the Moors, Arabians, Turks, &c. &c. This Work will form 1 volume in quarto, and will be embellished with several coloured plates of Scenery and Costume.

In the Press. A TREATISE ON GREYHOUNDS, with Observations on the Treatment and Disorders of them.

In the Press, and to be published by Subscription, a descriptive Treatise on the Method of WALTZING, by Thomas Wilson, Dancing-Master, from the King's Theatre, Opera House, Author of the Analysis of Country Dancing, the Treasures of Terpsichore, and a variety of other publications on Music and Dancing.

Just published, BIOGRAPHY. A SUPPLEMENT TO THE MEMOIRS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, by I. Northcote, Esq. 4to. 15s.

EDUCATION. PRIVATE EDUCATION, or a Practical Plan for the Studies of Young Ladies, by Elizabeth Appleton, 2d Edition, revised, 7s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS. AMUSEMENTS IN RETIREMENT ; or, The Influence of Literature, Science, and the Liberal Arts, on the Conduct and Happiness of Private Life, by the Author of the Philosophy of Nature, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The ART of PRESERVING the SIGHT, Second Edition, enlarged and improved, 5s. 6d.

EIDOMETRIA, or, The Art of Optic Mensuration, by Colonel Keatinge, 4to. plates, 1l. 11s. 6d.

NOVELS. CLARENTINE, by Miss Burney, 2d Edition, 21s.

TRAVELS. TRAVELS in EUROPE and AFRICA, by Colonel Keatinge, Author of the History of the Conquest of Mexico, &c. comprising a Journey through France, Spain, and Portugal, to Morocco. Also a second Journey through France in 1814 ; in which a particular comparison is drawn between the present and former state of that country and its inhabitants, in 1 vol. 4to, with thirty-four Engravings of Scenery, Antiquities, and Costume, from drawings taken by the Author.

The Second and last Volume of the TRAVELS of Professor Lichtenstein in Southern Africa ; with a valuable map and several plates, 1l. 16s.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MARCH, 1816.

MORNING DRESS,

OF Jaconaut Muslin, worn high in the neck, made with a full body, and the sleeves rather full, confined to the hand with a broad wristband, and finished at the bottom with a worked muslin flounce; round the neck a ruff to correspond with the flounce. Pelisse, of mulberry-coloured velvet, lined with white satin; the sleeves ornamented with satin down the middle; and finished with bows of riband; the bottom of the skirt finished with Vandyked satin, and the points ornamented with silk trimming, silk cord and tassel. French bonnet of velvet to correspond with the pelisse, richly ornamented with feathers and silk trimming.

EVENING DRESS,

OF lustre or coloured satin, made with a cape of blond lace, trimmed with two rows of white satin, the body made short and rather full, the sleeves likewise made short and full, and finished with blond lace, corresponding with the cape; round the skirt two rows of lace, headed with white satin. The hair in the French style, bound with two fillets of blue riband. Dress-shoes worn high, gloves white kid.



Morning & Evening Costume for March 1816.

Pub. March 1st 1816, by Dean & Munday 35, Threadneedle Street.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

SONNETS.

Yes—and when oft the evening sun hath shed
O'er yon blue hills its thought-inspiring charm,
A lonely wanderer of the twilight-shade,
I have lov'd to fancy 'mid the breathless calm
The voice of gentle spirits hovering near;
And as at intervals the soft breeze sigh'd,
The thrilling heart would deem those accents dear,
Again its own that long, long since, had died.
Perhaps then, the guardian seraph of the hour,
While retrospection darken'd on my soul,
'Twas thine to snatch me from her sombre power,
And waken holy thoughts that might console;
Unveiling far beyond this changeful shore
That land of blessedness where grief and change shall be
no more.

Ah! as along the thorny path of life
We pass,—the heart in heaviness is fain
At times to flee from passion's maddening strife,
And yield in suffering silence to its pain.
And then will Memory hold her changeful reign,
And think again each thought that might console—
Fond recollections of the doating brain!
And as she traces in the passive soul
Those forms belov'd that in departed years
Gave life to life—those sympathies of mind
That took their bitterness from sorrow's tears,—
Oh! could the spirit, to its fate resign'd,
Soar from the shades of time to yon blest sphere
When Deprivation's pang shall wake no fruitless tear.

SONNET.

Oh, speak again, bright spirit ! from the cloud
 Where all unseen of mortals, and unknown,
 Thou sittest ; breathing from thy misty shroud
 Music so sweet as with its syren tone
 Did stay my wand'ring footsteps, that I stood
 List'ning in tranced ecstasy——Oh, speak
 Yet once again, all amiable and good !
 Nor let mine aching eyes, that scarce would seek
 Thy form on earth, thus look for thee in vain
 Amid yon starry heavens—thy viewless lyre
 Ere now hath witch'd my soul ; and when the strain
 Thus flatters me, I cannot but aspire
 Presumptuous, craving in my heart to be,
 What heaven doth know I am not—worthy *thee* !

Feb. 15th, 1816.

SONNET.

THERE is a charm, all other charms above,
 Whose syren witchery doth enslave the soul,
 And cheat the trembling bosom into love—
 Ah ! would that ever to such dear control
 The lover's heart were captive—for on earth
 What gives such magic spell to woman's face
 As modesty, sweet pledge of innate worth,
 Of gentle goodness and each softer grace !
 For modesty is like the placid moon,
 Without whose chaste adornment dull would seem
 Yon azure heaven, though countless stars be strewn
 Irradiant there ; but silver'd with her beam,
 Though these were absent all, yet would the night
 Be lovely, and the world yet joyous, in her light.

SONG.

Tune—"O! my love's like a red, red rose." *Burns.*

AH! that I but a moss-rose were,
To grace thy bosom sweet!
And thou, my love, a lily fair,
Blushing thy charms I'd greet!

Ah! were I but some fragrant flow'r,
That scents the ev'ning breeze,
And thou a leaf in shady bow'r,
I'd court the waving trees.

Ah! were but you the graceful vine,
And I the tendril true,
Around thy lovely form I'd twine,
And fondly cling to you!

HATT.

TO MR. HATT.

FROM Thule's isle, a humble lyre,
Whose strings are damp'd by many a tear,
Abash'd, yet grateful, would aspire,
Stranger, again to meet thine ear.

If e'er I judg'd my fate was hard,
Yet, yet, I never may repine!
For Pity's tear, indulgent Bard!
And generous sigh have both been mine.

O! might my languid verse pourtray
My heart's warm feelings as they rise—
It may not be the poor essay,
The vain attempt is lost in sighs.

Around thy lyre their fairest flowers
May laughing joy and pleasure twine;
May love and fortune gild thy hours,
And all that sweetens life be thine.

Thule, Dec. 1815.

ORA.

TO ** *****

Oh! if thy heart is doom'd to know
 Aught of calamity or woe,
 If on misfortune's stormy sea
 A dangerous path is mark'd for thee,
 May guardian angels round thee tend,
 And God and virtue be thy friend:
 Superior to the ills of life,
 Above its pleasures, or its strife,
 May'st thou with equal eye behold,
 Or glitt'ring heaps of tempting gold—
 Or the low solitary cell,
 Where modest worth is doom'd to dwell;
 And thy own breast a temple prove,
 Sacred to honour, peace, and love.

Oh! may my prayers ascend to heav'n!
 And prosp'rous days to thee be given—
 May every sorrow melt away
 As dew beneath the solar ray,
 And hope with seraph smile appear,
 To welcome in another year:
 May heav'n with coming hours restore
 Wealth, comfort, joy, a plenteous store,
 Illume thy darken'd path again,
 And ever shield thy heart from *pain*.

Thule, Dec. 1815.

ORA.

 CHARADE.

Old time and my *first* to loggerheads went,
 With a view I've no doubt, design, or intent,
 As a lawyer would say, of proving to you
 The diff'rence there is between old things and new.
 The life of my *second* is yet a mere span,
 And how it will die, those may tell me who can;
 Vicissitudes many, I'm sure it must see,
 For that is a fact, in which all will agree;
 And happy, most happy, will be its last breath
 To those who don't feel remorse at its death!

SONNET.
TO VIRTUE.

VIRTUE, thou sweetest attribute of heaven,
To thee the good and truly great shall bow ;
Say, art thou not to favourites only given ?
Dost thou not fly the vicious, and the low ?
Where shall I find thee ? in the world's wide maze ?
Or where the stoic trims his lonely fire ?
In courts, where pomps and ceaseless glories blaze ;
Or where ambition tunes his martial lyre ?—
No—rather let me seek thee in the shade,
Where innocence and love delight to dwell,
Where mercy wanders in the woodland glade,
And melancholy strikes her quiv'ring shell :
O ! reign with me, sweet maid, and let me find,
That thou wilt ever guide my wandering mind.

LORENZO.

*Perhaps the following Translation of "Cowper's Votum" may
not displease your Readers.*

THE WISH.*

Oh ! morning dews, salubrious winds that blow,
Oh ! woods, and joyful streams that silent flow,
Ye blooming flowers, that deck the moisten'd ground,
With beauty pleasing, and with verdure crown'd,—
Ye grassy mountains,—ye delightful shades,
In valleys foster'd, and the woodland glades,—
Enchanting scenes ! O ! could I taste again
Those joys I felt within my sire's domain !—
Far off ye've flown, by art and fear suppress'd,
O ! could ye gain admittance to my breast,
Still should I wish beside my native fire,
Near my own hearth, thus happy to expire,
And when my placid life had slid away,
Beneath some silent stone or hidden sod to lay.

LORENZO.

* I believe a translation has not been inserted in any of his works.

HOPE.

OPPRESS'D with complicated cares,
 Tormenting doubts, and restless fears,
 My soul still proudly scorns their power,
 And feels their venom'd tooth no more ;
 For cherub Hope, with voice benign,
 Whispers that peace may yet be mine ;
 That some lov'd object kindly free
 May live for friendship—live for me !
 And dare, uncheck'd by selfish frown,
 To live in Hope my bliss to crown :
 Grant then, O God, that I may find
 Some fondly mild congenial mind,
 With whom, though custom parts us here,
 My soul may hold communion dear,
 Exchange those mutual feelings warm,
 Which can alone the bosom charm ;
 Sprung from the source of purest love,
 Which time nor death can e'er remove.
 This charms my heart with joys divine,
 And Hope prophetic makes it mine,
 It tells me I have found this friend,
 That all will to my wishes end,
 That her on whom I doat alone,
 Some future day will be my own.

London, Feb. 1.

H. D.

SONNET.—TO VENUS.

O ! VENUS, queen of love, and soft desire,
 (Who o'er the passions rul'st with boundless sway)
 Touch a fair maiden's heart, her soul inspire,
 And bid her love—the fair one shall obey.
 Long have I tried with each endearing art,
 (But fear, alas ! my every toil was vain)
 To win her soul and captivate her heart,
 To share her pleasures, and relieve her pain.

Still Winter's coldness in her bosom reigns,
No passions throb within her azure veins.
O! breathe thy magic on her virgin breast,
Then shall her eyes a matchless sweetness bear,
Then shall loves wanton in her flowing hair,
And every beauty stand at once confess'd. ADONIS.

SONG.

Air,—Jessie, the Flow'r o' Dumblane.

Oh! bright rose the sun on the beautiful ocean,
His golden beams flash'd from the murmuring tide,
While each little wave with a trembling commotion,
Alternately broke on the tall vessel's side;
The sails were all swell'd, with the breeze of the morning
She gallantly stemm'd the dark wave of the sea,
And a proud union ensign her masthead adorning
Show'd a frigate of Britain, the land of the free.

Afar on the billows the vessel was heaving,
The dark rocky shore scarcely seen from the mast,
While stretch'd on a cliff gentle Ella lay grieving,
And mournfully sigh'd to the waves that roll'd past.
"Ah! when will my William, from danger returning,
Display his dear flag o'er this wave beaten shore,
Ah! when will he hush all my sighing and mourning,
Sweetly crying, "My Ella, be anxious no more."

When far in the horizon, a white speck appearing,
Grew gradually nearer, and larger to view,
And soon a brave frigate before the winds steering,
Display'd her broad flag o'er a brave British crew,
And soon the brave William his Ella caressing,
With fondest endearment dispell'd all her fear,
And cried, as his lips to her cheek he was pressing,
"Never more will I leave thee, sweet Ella, my dear!"
Glasgow, Jan. 12th, 1816. GLOTTIANUS.

CANZONET.

Away delusive Hope—away—
 I will not follow in thy tread ;
 Go to some other heart and stay,—
 Go to some kindred soul and wed.—
 Oft have you pointed to the palm,
 Invited with the healing balm ;
 But, when I ran to seize, or taste,
 This, this, was dash'd before my eyes,
 And that all wither'd hateful lies,
 Or breathes it's essence in the waste.—
 Yes, thou hast made a wretch of me,
 And well I may for ever flee
 From thy deceptive smile,
 From thy imposing wile,
 O never, never more, will I repose in thee.
 LORENZO.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

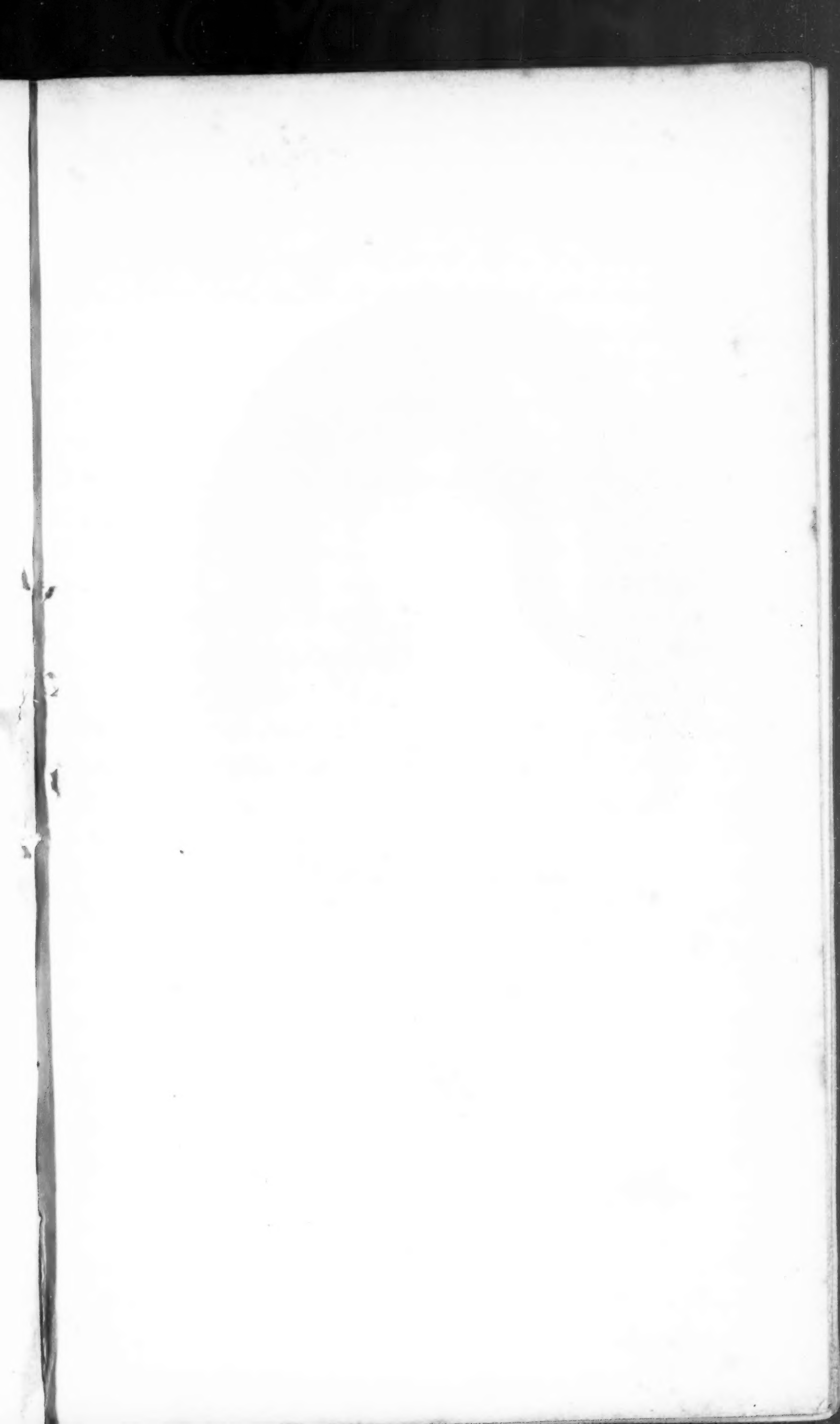
WE fear the subject of *Senex's* letter is too trite ; if, however, he can bring it within half the compass, as it is not destitute of humour, we may be induced to present it to our readers.

Mr. H. D. must favour us with a few of his series of papers, before we can give him an answer.

The Prize, so justly awarded to Alphonso, will be ready, and shall be sent to him in a few days. We trust that gentleman will acquit us and our predecessor of any intentional neglect.

A change in the parties concerned occasioned the neglect of A****'s beautiful Poems ; but it is hoped, for the credit of the work, this will never occur again.

Mr. H. D.'s Essay, *Legitimate Pride*, a paper on *Love*, and other favours, are, for the present, postponed.





Engr. by R. PAGE.

M^{rs} Jordan

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